TO THE BELOVED.

Oh, not more subtly silence strays
Amongst the winds, between the voices,
Mingling alike with pensive lays
And with the music that rejoices,
Than thou art present in my days.

My silence, life returns to thee
In all the pauses of her breath;
Hush back to rest the melody
That out of thee awakeneth,
And then wake ever, wake for me.

Full, full is life in hidden places,
For thou art silence unto me.
Full, full is thought in endless spaces.
Full is my life. A silent sea
Lies round all shores with long embraces.

Thou art like silence all unvexed,
Though wild words part my soul from thee;
Thou art like silence unperplexed,
A secret and a mystery
Between one footfall and the next.

Most dear pause in a mellow lay,
Thou art inwoven with every air;
With thee the wildest tempests play,
And snatches of thee everywhere
Make little heavens throughout a day.

Darkness and solitude shine for me,
For life's fair outward part are rife
The silver noises: let them be.
It is the very soul of life
Listens for thee, listens for thee.

Oh, pause between the sobs of care!
Oh, thought within all thought that is,
Trance between laughters unaware!
Thou art the form of melodies,
And thou the ecstasy of prayers.
—Alice Meynell in London Athenæum.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR

The battle at last was finished. The victory was lost and won. And while the defeated army had fallen back to take shelter in the woods and mountain passes the victorious host had encamped upon the field of action. A thick misty haze hung over the landscape, through which the setting sun shone like a great copper shield burnished and ready for combat.

Since early morn the battle had been in progress, and the carnage was frightful. Even the sturdiest of the surgeons had more than once turned pale as they worked over their improvised operating tables, and all had felt a sensation of faintness that they did not care to own.

In one corner of the field when the fight had been the hottest, in a little grove of half a dozen trees at the angle of a stone wall, knelt the colonel of a New York regiment beside the prostrate form of his own lieutenant, a young man of English birth and a great favorite among his comrades. His breath came slowly and painfully, and when he strove to speak the lifeblood welled up in his throat so as to almost choke all utterance.

"Creston, my boy," said the colonel in the low voice which he always used when in the presence of suffering—for the colonel was as kind and as gentle as a woman to the sick—"is there anything more that I can do for you—any word or message that you want to send? For you know"——

Creston's lips parted with a faint and almost imperceptible motion, and the colonel bending low caught the words. "Lift—me—up."

Raising the dying man to a half sitting position, the colonel held him in his own strong arms and gently wiped the red froth from his lips.

"Colonel"—the words were weak and low—"my vest—open—the—the—pocket—inside"——

The exertion was so great that he could say no more. The colonel, opening the vest, drew from an inner pocket a miniature, the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, so beautiful that even then the colonel could not help gazing upon the likeness with interest and admiration.

"And this?" he questioned as he held it up to the eyes of his dying comrade. The pale face of the sufferer grew strangely bright when he looked upon the bit of painted ivory before him.

"In England," he whispered, "she lives—Densmond in Devonshire—you'll remember—take her this, yourself—no one else. Find here in Densmond, Amelia Burton. Tell her—I didn't—forget"—A torrent of crimson lifeblood gushed from his lips, and all was over. The colonel arose, folded a blanket and placed it beneath the head of the corpse. Then the night winds gathered and whispered among the trees and brushed with their dark pinions the bright, cold drops that stood on the pale forehead of Herbert Creston.

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Already the sun was casting long shadows over the landscape around the pretty English village of Densmond in Devonshire, for Densmond was pretty and everybody said so—that is, everybody who had ever been there said so. And as for those unfortunate beings who had not been there, they were so very much in the minority that no one ever cared a straw what they said or thought.

The day had been hot and sultry, and with the advent of the cooling breezes of evening every one who could possibly get out of doors did so, for the air was delicious now after the overpowering heat of the day.

Along the dusty highway a man, well dressed and evidently a stranger in the country through which he was passing, was walking slowly, evidently absorbed in thought. He was about 40, of a bronzed complexion and dark hair, now slightly tinged with gray. On the whole he was far from handsome, nor did the scar of a saber wound across his forehead add to his attractions.

Just now he paused before a cottage that stood somewhat back from the public road, almost buried in flowers, like a modest and retiring cottage that it was. Sounds of happy laughter came from an arbor, concealed by the surrounding hedge. Colonel Nathaniel Pember paused but a moment, however, before he opened the gate.

"Can you tell me," he asked one of the party of young girls that met his view as he entered, "if you know of any one residing in this neighborhood by the name of—of Amelia Burton?"

"Yes, indeed," answered one of the young ladies, with a meaning smile, "but you'll have to hurry, though, for there will be no such person here after to-night."

"She—she is not sick—not dying, is she?" questioned the colonel hastily.

"Oh, not at all," answered the young lady, with a pleasant laugh, "only she's going to be married to Lord Littel to-night."

"Married!" said the colonel, half to himself; then aloud: "Can you tell me where she lives? I must see her upon business—something very important."

"It's not very far from here. The house in the park that you see on the left belongs to her father. But you must hurry. It's after 6:30, and you've scarce an hour."

Colonel Pember turned and walked hastily along the road. "Married—married—then I am too late. Perhaps not. I don't understand it. I can't." And with every step he took came the refrain, "Married, married, married."

The next day Densmond was all excitement. The daughter of the Hon. Crofton Burton had refused at the last moment to marry Lord Lorloose Littel. And then, too, the appearance of this suspicious looking American. That must not be overlooked. Surely there was something in this, "if those as knew would tell." But the Hon. Burton, M. P., would tell nothing, and as Lord Littel had left for town that morning he could tell nothing, and Miss Burton, she had declared that she would tell nothing. So there the matter rested, and like every other sensation was almost forgotten 10 days after.

Almost, I say, for Colonel Pember had taken lodgings at the Pot and Kettle, and scarcely a day passed but he made his way to The Oaks, the residence of Mr. Burton, who seemed to have a great fancy for his company.

Nor was it long in becoming common talk that the colonel had returned to Miss Burton on the eve of her intended wedding a blood stained miniature, the token of a schoolgirl love that she had given to Herbert Creston, the village ne'er do well, and that as she saw the picture, stained with his lifeblood, the old love had returned, and she had refused to marry any one else.

So passed a year, and again summer visited the little village, sprinkling the lawns with yellow dandelions and the hedges with all manner of sweetness. From the many farmyards came the sounds of cattle and of fowls upon the clear and silent air, mingled with the distant dashing of brooks. The trees, resplendent in their "garments of green," cast grateful shadows for the noonday wanderer. And then the gardens! Roses everywhere. The air was one mass of perfume, delightful and overpowering, the first sweet gift of summer.

During this time Miss Burton had not been seen by the village folk, save on one or two rare occasions, and those who had viewed her reported that she was looking pale and sickly, and that she scarcely ever spoke. Now, however, at the approach of summer she had thrown off her gloomy aspect, laid aside the "inky cloak" that she had insisted upon wearing and had even gone so far as to ride out into the country, and always with the colonel as a companion.

One night they walked together in the gardens that almost entirely surrounded The Oaks. There was no other light than that of the stars. As Amelia paused the colonel placed his arm about her and held her hand.

"You have my answer?" he questioned softly.

She raised her face slowly. Their lips met.

"It is 'yes?'" he asked.

And she answered "Yes."

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Far away in the wilderness of Virginia the night winds gathered and whispered and murmured and mattered, and with their dark pinions brushed the bright cold drops of dew that clung to the blades of grass above the unmarked grave of Herbert Creston.—Exchange.

Knew All About It.

"The world is full of people who think they know it all," said John A. Starr, "and in no subject is there so much superfluous knowledge rolling around as that which relates to food adulteration and substitution. What little money I have has been made out of sugar, and I profess to know something about that indispensable and very popular article But I learned something the other day which neither I nor any one else ever knew before. I was eating breakfast with a chance acquaintance I had picked up on the cars, and he called for some crushed sugar, objecting to white lump because, as he assured me confidentially, it was all made from glucose, which was nothing else but animal refuse.

"I explained to him that he was quite right in his ideas excepting in two respects, one of which was that white lump was not made from glucose and the other that glucose was a product of corn and not of animal refuse. He seemed rather to resent the information at first, and as he proceeded to destroy the flavor of his coffee by the use of some very dark sugar which was little more or less than glucose itself he told me that he had the information from an authentic source, and that he could not be persuaded to ruin his internal organs at the request of the first stranger he happened to meet."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mistaken Diagnoses.

Last year 462 mistakes were made in London by doctors in notifying cases of infectious diseases for removal to hospitals, with the result that 102 of the mistaken cases resulted fatally.—Exchange.

An Afterthought.

"That is an excellent little thing about the Lord tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, is it not?"

"It sounds well—yes; but did you ever reflect that lambs are not shorn?"—Truth.

Green Snow.

Three places at least are known where green snow is found. One of these places is near Mount Hecla, Iceland, another 14 miles east of the mouth of the Obi and the third near Quito, South America.

The Kaiser's Contest With His People.

Our Berlin correspondent says he has no reason to change his opinion that the next reichstag will reject the military bill. He has been traveling a good deal and ought to be in touch with the people. The "classes" favor the government policy, but the "masses" do not.

Here is the danger to imperialism, as we have before pointed out. The men who influence the masses, like Richter and Bebel, are keen, clever and audacious. It is well known that socialism and democracy are making giant strides in the fatherland, all the more reason why Emperor William should be cautious, just and above all constitutional in his acts.

Our correspondent believes that the kaiser will make the unpopular bill a law by his ipse dixit. Then will come the tug of war on the financial question—how is the money to be raised to pay for the increase in the army?

There is no getting over the fact that the army is quite large enough for present purposes. The Grand Duke of Baden recently said that experience proved one obtains better results from the excellence of an army than from its quantity. This is another fact hard to get over.—New York Herald.

Testing Iron Castings.

"Have you ever noticed," said a St. Louisan yesterday, "those massive iron pillars now standing erect in the basement of the new Planter's House? Well, did you ever stop to think of the immense weight they will be compelled to support steadily for many, many years? Oh, you have. But I suppose you have thought the manufacturer just made those pillars and sold them without knowing anything about how much weight they would bear or how long they would bear it. Let me tell you about that.

"Those pillars are cast in the same manner as cast iron stoves—by running the liquid metal into sand molds, but alonside of each pillar is cast an iron bar from the same metal. The bar is precisely an inch square and 5½ feet in length. When cold, it is subjected to a very simple test. Each end of the bar is placed upon a table and weights are suspended from the center by a rope. It must bear a tensile strength of 500 pounds to the square inch. The test may begin with 400 pounds and be gradually increased until the bar is found to be perfectly supporting the required weight. If it breaks, for instance, at 480 or 490 pounds, then the pillar cast from the pot of metal which cast the bar is discarded, broken up and put into the pot again, with more pig iron added. The pillars, you know, are largely made from scrap iron, and the manufacturers cannot know the strength of the cast until it is tested. The addition of pig iron in the event of failure brings the cast up to the standard."—St. Louis Republic.

In British Honduras.

British Honduras is a crown colony, and of its 30,000 population there are about 300 whites, mainly English. There is an American colony of about 20 people at Toledo engaged in sugar growing and rum making. They are mainly from Kentucky, and it is a prosperous colony. The country is healthful for a tropical country, and there has not been a case of yellow fever in several years. The principal product is mahogany, and it will be years before the forests are exhausted. Great quantities of logwood are also shipped to Europe. We ship only bananas and plantains to the United States, shipping last year 728,000 bunches of bananas to New Orleans. The great problem with us is labor, and we import natives from the West Indies.

We need immigration, and Sir Alfred Maloney, the governor, is a very progressive man and is doing much to bring us to the notice of the world. We have no railroads beyond a tramway drawn by mules, penetrating the plantations for about six miles. There is not a telegraph instrument or line in the province and only a short telephone line between government buildings. We have no money of our own, but use the silver of surrounding republics, which is so depreciated that $5 in American money is equal to $8.60 of the money in use.—Interview in Washington Star.

He Was a Nobleman by Nature.

Don't tell me now that men are callous and selfish when the woman is an old one, for I won't believe it.

We were hurrying to catch the elevated train when a poor old Irish woman stopped, and directly in the way of all other would be passengers endeavored to readjust a strap that had slipped from the package she was carrying.

Her hands were cold, and she seemed unable to loosen the buckle, when a good looking man came up and seeing her difficulty laid his own packages down on the platform while he asked:

"Can't you manage it? Here, let me do it for you."

Of course "time and tide" and elevated trains wait for no man, and we rolled away from the station just as he had completed his self imposed task.

We saw him pick up his bundles and walk toward the waiting room to get warm—for the wind was cold—never seeming to regret the train he had missed for doing a kindness for "some one's mother!"

I found myself hoping that his wife, if he had one, would not scold him for coming home late.

Oh, the world is full of charity if we only stop and look for it!—New York Herald.

For Weary Feet.

"My old colored cook," said a woman recently, "keeps a pad of her own manufacture always before the kitchen sink. It is made of several pieces of old carpet tacked together with strong thread, the whole being made over and renewed quite frequently. When I asked her the other day why she kept the rather unsightly rug on her neat linoleum covered floor, she explained that it was a great rest to her feet to stand off the unyielding floor.

"And when my attention was thus called to it I could see that it must be, and the idea was worth handing around.

"I have heard saleswomen and men, too, complain to one another in the shops of the pain which they suffered from constantly standing on the wooden floors, and I presume this condition would be much relieved if a strip of rope matting could be stretched for their use."—New York Times.

Blighted Hope.

Teddy Vanderchump, a young society man, has been paying his addresses to Miss Rose Bondclipper of Madison avenue. His visits have been very frequent of late, and last night Tommy, Miss Rose's younger brother, said:

"You ought to come and see us every evening, Mr. Vanderchump."

"Why, Tommy?"

"Because it makes Sister Rose so happy to have you go away you ought not to miss an evening."

They missed Teddy for the rest of that evening.—Texas Siftings.

East Indian Families.

Millions of men in India live, marry and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above fifty cents a week and frequently sinks to half that amount. —Exchange.